The SAINTS Jubilee,

OR

The fullneſs of Joy to the ſweet Singers of *Sion*.

[Lond. 1660

——*olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit.*

When firſt Petitions newly pen'd did fly,
And Loyal *Straffords* head did bleeding lie.
To ſatisfie the Peoples Cruelty,
Our joys did then appear.

When pious *Laud* unto the Tower was ſent,
And Commons Houſe the King did circumvent,
Obtaining a *Triennial Parliament*,
Our joys did then increaſe.

When Commons puſh'd the Biſhops off their ſeats
And by their Artifice and juggling feats,
Fill'd up the Houſe with pious frauds and cheats.
Our joys, &c.

When *Pym* with many more as good as he,
Made us deny our *Antient Liberty*,
And bid defiance to his *Majeſty*,
Our joys, &c.

When Plotting *Presbyter* preach'd in the Nation,
And *ſnuffling through the noſe* was all in faſhion,
And *Frenzy* was miſta'ne for *Inſpiration*,
Our joys, &c.

When *zealous Brethren* gave their Silver ware,
And *holy Siſters* all that they could ſhare,
And all to fight the *Beaſt* call'd *Common-Prayer*,
Our joys, &c.

When it was voted for a fooliſh ſtory,
And *Non-conformiſts* (zealous of God's glory)
Did all *conform* unto the *Directory*,
Our joys, &c.

When *Cromwel* led his men with canting words
Fight, Saints, the Battel, now it is the Lords,
Your weapons are long Prayers, but longer Swords,
Our joys, &c.

When from his Offices at firſt but ſmall,
Out witting *Eſſex*, *Fairfax*, and 'em all,
He did advance himſelf to *General*,
Our joys, &c.

When *Cobler-Hewſon* run beyond his Last,
Firſt clean'd his waxen thumbs, then buckled faſt
His Sword about his Sanctified Waſt.
Our joys, &c.

When Crop-ear'd *Peters* firſt ſet up to preach,
Whoſe Lungs to *Twentiethly Beloved* could reach,
Did from his *Tub* the Factious people teach,
Our joys, &c.

When the debate of *No Lords*, firſt aroſe,
No Houſe of Peers: No, we will have no Laws.
Our **Magna Charta** is the **Good old Cauſe**.
Our joys, &c.

When we our *Antient Liberties* forſook,
And made the *Covenant* our *Statute-Book*;
Our Oracles were *Bradſhaw*, *Ireton*, *Cook*.
Our joys, &c.

When Commons (they who durſt do any thing,
Becauſe the Lords ſubmitted) did begin,
Bold deſperate Votes, and voted out the *King*.
Our joys, &c.

When *Vote* for *Non-addreſſes* made no ſtay,
But moſt Victoriouſly did make its way,
The *Crown* was ſtak'd for which the *Houſe* did play.
Our joys, &c.

Another Vote! A new unheard of Court,
High Court of Juſtice! All the *Houſe* was for't;
For here they knew would be the greateſt ſport.
Our joys, &c.

Here was the *Head* a ſecond Prize lay'd down,
Bradſhaw ſoon won't and took it up; as ſoon,
We had *five hundred Heads inſtead of one*.
Our joys, &c.

When *Toleration* for all Sects began,
And *Conſcience* was a *Slave* to ev'ry man,
To *Quaker*, *Independent*, *Puritan*,
Our joys, &c.

When leave was given to act all *Villany*,
I'de kill my friend, another ſhould rob me,
And neither of us ever queſtioned be.
Our joys, &c.

When there could be *no breach of Priviledge*,
When *Saints* could ſin by *Licence*, and alledge,
That *Robbing Churches* was no *Sacrilege*.